

# GOING SOME



## A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

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### CHAPTER I.

FOUR cowboys inclined their bodies over the barbed-wire fence which marked the dividing line between the Centipede Ranch and their own, staring mournfully into a summer night such as only the far southwestern country knows. And as the four inclined their bodies, after the strained manner of listeners who feel anguish at what they hear. A voice, shrill and human, pierced the night like a needle, then, with a wall of a tortured soul, died away amid discordant raspings: the voice of a phonograph. It was their own, or had been until one over-confident day, when the Flying Heart Ranch had staked it as a wager in a foot-race with the neighboring Centipede, and their own man had been too slow. As it had been their pride, it remained their disgrace. Dearly had they loved, and dearly lost it. It meant something that looked like honor, and though there were ten thousand thousand phonographs, in all the world there was not one that could take its place.

The sound ceased, there was an approving distant murmur of men's voices, and then the song began: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your voice and sing—"

Higher and higher the voice mounted until it reached again its first thin, ear-splitting pitch.

"Still Bill!" Stover stirred uneasily in the darkness.

"Why'n't they don't keep her wound up?" he complained. "Gallagher's got the soul of a war-hog. It's criminal the way he massacres that hymn."

From a rod farther down the wire fence Willie answered him, in a boy's falsetto:

"I wonder if he does it to spite me?" "He don't know you're here," said Stover.

The other came out of the gloom, a little stoop-shouldered man with spectacles.

"I ain't noways sure," he piped, peering up at his lanky foreman. "Why do you reckon he allus lets Mrs. Melby peter out on my favorite record? He done the same thing last night. It looks like an insult."

"It's nothing but his ignorance," Stover replied. "He don't want no trouble with you. None of 'em do."

"I'd like to know for certain." The small man seemed torn by doubt. "If I only knew he done it a-purpose, I'd git him. I bet I could do it from here."

Stover's voice was gruff as he commanded:

"Forget it! Ain't it had enough for us fellers to hang around like this every night without advertising our idiosyncrasy by a run-play?"

"They ain't got no right to that phonograph," Willie averred darkly. "Oh yes, they have; they won it fair and square."

"Fair and square? Do you mean to say Hump Joe run that foot-race on the square?"

"I never said nothin' like that what-ever. I mean we bet it, and we lost it. Listen! There goes Carara's place!"

Out past the corral floated the an-



"If I knew he done it a-purpose I'd Git Him."

nouncement in a man's metallic syllables: "The Baggage Coach Ahead," as sung by Helena Mora for the Echo Phonograph, of New York and Pa.-a-ria!"

From the dusk to the right of the two listeners now issued soft Spanish phrases.

"Madre de Dios! The Baggage Car in Front!" Tadora Mora! God bless 'er!"

During the rendition of this affecting ballad the two cowboys remained draped uncomfortably over the barbed-

wire barrier, lost in rapturous enjoyment. When the last note had died away, Stover roused himself reluctantly.

"It's time we was turnin' in." He called softly, "Hey, Mex!"

"Si, Senor!"

"Come on, you and Cloudy. Vamos! It's ten o'clock."

He turned his back on the Centipede Ranch that housed the treasure, and in company with Willie, made his way to the ponies. Two other figures joined them, one humming in a musical baritone the strains of the song just ended.

"Cut that out, Mex! They'll hear us," Stover cautioned.

"Caramba! This t'ing is brek my 'eart," said the Mexican, sadly. "It seem like the Senorita Mora is sing that song to me. Mebbe she knows I'm set out 'ere on cactus an' listen to her. Ah, I love that Senorita ver much."

The little man with the glasses began to swear in his high falsetto. His ear had caught the phonograph operator in another musical mistake.

"That horn-toad let Mrs. Melby die again to-night," said he. "It's sure comin' to a hunnaboo between him and me. If somebody don't kill him pretty soon, he'll wear out that machine before we git it back."

"Humph! It don't look like we'd ever get it back," said Stover.

One of the four sighed audibly, then vaulting into his saddle, went loping away without waiting for his companions.

"Cloudy's sore because they didn't play 'Navajo,'" said Willie. "Well, I don't blame 'em none for omittin' that war-dance. It ain't got the class of them other pieces. While it's devised to suit the intellect of an Injun, perhaps it ain't in the runnin' with 'The Holy City,' which tune is the sweetest and sacrest ever sung."

Carara paused with a hand upon the neck of his cayuse.

"Eet is not so fine as 'The Baggage Car in Front,'" he declared.

"It's got it beat a mile!" Willie flashed back, harshly.

"Here, you!" exclaimed Stover, "no arguments. We all have our favorites, and it ain't up to no individual to force his likes and dislikes down no other feller's throat." The other two men he addressed mounted their broncos stily.

"I repeat," said Willie: "'The Holy City,' as sung by Mrs. Melby, is the sweetest tune that ever hit these parts."

Carara muttered something in Spanish which the others could not understand.

"They're all fine pieces," Stover observed, placatingly, when fairly out of hearing of the ranch-houses. "You boys have each got your preference. Cloudy, bein' an Injun, has got his, and I rise to state that I like that monologue, 'Silas on Fifth Avenue,' better than all of 'em, which ain't nothin' ag'inst my judgment nor yours. When Silas says, 'The girl opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise, opened her purse, took out a dime, closed her purse, opened her valise, put in her purse, closed her valise, give the dime to the conductor, got a nickel in change, then opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise—' Stover began to rock in his saddle, then burst into a loud guffaw, followed by his companions.

"Gosh! That's awful funny!" "Sit still!" acknowledged Carara, his white teeth showing through the gloom.

"An' it's just like a fool woman," dittered Willie. "That's sure one ridiculous line of talk."

"Still Bill!" wiped his eyes with the back of a bony hand. "I know that hull monologue by heart, but I can't never get past that spot to save my soul. Right there I bog down, complete." Again he burst into wild laughter, followed by his companions. "I don't see how folks can be so dam' funny!" he gasped.

"It's natural to 'em, like warts," said Willie; "they're born with it, the same as I was born to shoot straight with either hand, and the same as Mex was born to throw a rope. He don't know how he does it, and neither do I. Some folks can say funny things, some can sing, like Missus Melby; some can run foot-races, like that Centipede cook—"

Carara breathed an eloquent Mexican oath.

"Do you reckon he fixed that race with Humpy Joe?" inquired Stover.

"Name's Skinner," Willie observed. "It sounds bad."

"I'm sorry Humpy left us so sudden," said Still Bill. "We'd ought to have questioned him. If we only had proof that the race was crooked—"

"You can so gamble it was crooked," the little man averred. "Then Centipede fellers never done nothin' on the square. They got Humpy Joe, and fixed it for him to lose so they could get that talkin' machine. That's why he pulled out!"

Affairs at the Flying Heart Ranch were not all to Jack Chapin's liking. Ever since that memorable foot-race, more than a month before, a gloom had brooded over the place which even the presence of two Smith College girls, not to mention that of Mr. Fresno, was unable to dissipate. The cowboys moped about like melancholy shades, and neglected their work to discuss the disgrace that had fallen upon them. It was a task to get any of them out in the morning, several had quit, the rest were quarrelling among themselves, and the bunk-house had already been the scene of more than one encounter, altogether too sanguinary to have originated from such a trivial cause as a foot-race.

The master of the ranch sought his sister Jean, to tell her frankly what was on his mind.

"See here, Sis," he began, "I don't want to cast a cloud over your little house-party, but I think you'd better keep your friends away from my men."

"Why, what is the matter?" she demanded.

"Things are at a pretty high tension just now, and the boys have had two or three rows among themselves. Yesterday Fresno tried to 'kid' Willie about 'The Holy City,' said it was written as a con song, and wasn't sung in good society. If he hadn't been a guest, I guess Willie would have murdered him."

"Oh, Jack! You won't let Willie

murder anybody, not even Berkeley, while the people are here, will you?" coaxed Miss Chapin, anxiously.

"What made you invite Berkeley Fresno, anyhow?" was the rejoinder.

"This is no gilded novelty to him. He is a Western man."

Miss Chapin numbered her reasons sagely. "In the first place—Helen. Then there had to be enough men to go around. Last and best, he is the most adorable man I ever saw at a house-party. He's an angel at breakfast, sings perfectly beautifully—you know he was on the Stanford Glee Club—"

"Humph!" Jack was unimpressed. "If you roped him for Helen Blake to brand, why have you sent for Wally Speed?"

"Well, you see, Berkeley and Helen didn't quite hit it off, and Mr. Speed is—a friend of Culver's." Miss Chapin blushed prettily.

"Oh, I see! I thought myself that this affair had something to do with you and Culver Corvinton, but I didn't know it had lapsed into a sort of matrimonial round-up. Suppose Miss Blake shouldn't care for Speed after he gets here?"

"Oh, but she will! That's where Berkeley Fresno comes in. When two men begin to fight for her, she'll have to begin to form a preference, and I'm sure it will be for Wally Speed. Don't you see?"

The brother looked at his sister shrewdly. "It seems to me you learned a lot at Smith."

Jean tossed her head. "How absurd! That sort of knowledge is perfectly natural for a girl to have." Then she teased: "But you admit that my selection of a chaperon was excellent, don't you, Jack?"

"Mrs. Keap and I are the best of friends," Jack averred, with supreme dignity. "I'm not in the market, and a man doesn't marry a widow, anyhow. It's too old and experienced a beginning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Endeavoring to Be Polite. "Look out, down there!" yelled Pat, after a heavy beam had fallen from the sixteenth story.

"What's the use looking out now?" called a man who had narrowly escaped being crushed.

"There mayn't be any use, but I thought you might be provoked if I didn't notice it."—Judge's Library.

"You Can So Gamble It Was Crooked,"

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## FEATURE OF SUMMER COSTUMES



CERTAIN audacities of the mode are most noticeable in costumes designed for the street, or for traveling or general utility wear. Waist lines, for instance, are ignored; garments are cut without reference to it, as if the figure were as uniform in size as a stove pipe. These straight up and down lines, it must be conceded, have a marked distinction of style when properly worn. They are not for the stout figure and it is ridiculous for heavy women to attempt them. But, for those who may affect them, they provide a very pleasing variety in gowning.

A good example of one of the boyish-looking models is shown in the traveling gown of covert or serge or ratine, for this style is developed in a great number of fabrics. It looks easy going and comfortable. The belt, of the same material as the gown, is drawn about the hips. The absence of shoulder seams provides an easy adjustment of the coat, and an easy readjustment, after one has lounged about in it.

The skirt is provided with a very little draping and tailored with overlapped seams. It is narrow and has a short split to the ankle, insuring freedom in walking.

When the coat is removed a light weight, washable silk waist is revealed and this is ornamented with some hand embroidery. The skirt fits well about the waist and the figure looks trim and neat in simply the waist and skirt.

A straight sailor hat is in harmony with this plain out-of-doors gown, although there is no apparent preference for this particular shape. There are so many more graceful shapes designed for outing and traveling that there is no good reason why one should attempt the most severe of hats. But, with this hat, as with the gown, certain types wear the banded sailor particularly well. It is a neat, light, practical little hat, shading the eyes and protecting the head. Yells look well with it and they are provided in ample variety to choose from. Washable veils of lace or bordered net or chiffon are to be worn with this gown and hat and they provide completely for the comfort of the wearer.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## LACE SCARFS IN HIGH FAVOR

So Popular They May Constitute If Desired, the Only Trimming for Summer Gown.

The lace business is so revived that women are finding a new way of earning a livelihood, or rather reviving a very old one. All the French salons and those of Belgium are working overtime to supply the demand. Therefore it is quite natural that scarfs should come into fashion and that they should be the only trimming on a simple summer gown, if one so desires.

If a woman owns anything in the way of a fine lace scarf, either black or white, she should be sure to arrange it in some fanciful fashion over her shoulders and down her arms and not throw it on casually whenever she wears the gown. Chantilly shawls can be draped in this fashion and made to form one of those wiggly transparent draperies that Callot invented and all the civilized world took up.

The trouble about one of these lace shawls is that it has too much body for summer drapery, and is better when made a part of the gown and put over material instead of the skin. For summer tulle and silk net are the best choices and it does not make any difference how vivid is the color. Conservative women may not care to use blue tulle over a scarlet gown, but the majority will not mind. There will be artists aplenty to give it approval.

## Latest Princess Slips.

The Balkan blouse dresses were scarcely launched on the market before a separate lining, in the form of a slip, was made to take care of this new requirement.

These new garments are cut on perfectly straight lines. They hang from the yoke-line to the skirt edge, with no curves appearing under the arms. Being quite snug-fitting around the hips, all bulkiness is eliminated in the dress, while extra fullness for the Balkan blouse is supplied by gathering in the top of the slip at the yoke-line, from which point it falls to the hips in the soft blouse effect which is now so fashionable.

## De Medic Collar Effect.

Wired lace is good. Made to fit and stand high. But failing such an expensive one. Trilling of lace, chiffon or net will do.

Waste it inside the coat or dress collar.

And graduate it to a point in the front.

Some of these net and chiffon frills come ready for adjusting and are not very expensive.

## CHILD'S DAINTY FROCK



Though presenting the effect of great elaboration this little French frock of fine white batiste tucks and embroidery may be easily made at home with very little expense. The all-over tucked batiste which may be bought by the yard may be used for the deep yoke, thus saving much time and labor. The little embroidered medallions inset in the dress may be purchased by the yard also. Fine, double-edged, embroidered batiste joins the waist with the little straight skirt below, which is laid, into the waist in tiny tucks. Dainty Valenciennes lace insertion crosses the shoulders and is edged with a narrow ruffle of lace. The skirt is also lace trimmed.

## Use of Many Flowers.

Even the greatest milliners use the field flowers in preference to large ones and their only recommendation is novelty. Somehow they do not seem quite suitable for the hat of a grown-up person, but perhaps this is only a mental suggestion left in our minds by custom.

Every one is trying to bring the ostrich feather back again into fashion, but whether or not women will ever give up the dashing little fantasia is hard to tell.

## In Plaid Taffeta.

Coat suits. Are a novelty. They are not all silk. Some of them are of cotton. They have great possibilities. But not for the shopping district at 11 o'clock a. m.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

### LESSON FOR JULY 27.

#### MOSES' REQUEST REFUSED.

LESSON TEXT—Ex. 3:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."—Matt. 5:4.

Only one incident is mentioned with reference to that long journey Moses had to take in returning from Midian to Egypt. "The Lord met him and sought to kill him." (4:24). Moses is about to pronounce a fearful penalty, see 4:23, and it was necessary that he comprehended the terrible meaning of his threat. Also he had neglected to observe the sign of covenant peace (circumcision) with his youngest son, and that was a serious delinquency for the future leader of Israel. "It was necessary at this stage of his experience that he should learn that God is in earnest when he speaks, and will assuredly perform all that he has threatened." (Murphy.)

Showing himself with Aaron, the elders of Israel are soon convinced that God had sent them and was about to work out through Moses and Aaron the long promised deliverance.

#### Issue Plainly Stated.

I. Moses' Message, vv. 1-9. Moses and Aaron plainly stated the issue at the very outset. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel" (v. 1). This was at once a challenge as to the boasted superiority of the Egyptian gods. It also touched Pharaoh's pride for he was an absolute monarch and can allow these representatives of an oppressed people any liberties? Lastly, it was a question of economic importance.

Pharaoh looked upon these Israelites as his own property, now they are claimed for another. "Let my people go." In contempt, Pharaoh exclaims, "Who is Jehovah?" It was in answer to that very question Moses had been sent and right well was Pharaoh to learn the answer ere the account is settled. Men are flippantly asking that same question today, both by word and conduct, who will find out to their final sorrow who Jehovah is, and why they should obey his voice. Pharaoh spoke the truth when he said "I know not the Lord," but though he seems to boast of that he little knew what it means for a man to set up his will against that of God. "I will not" was the proud boast of a weak, willful, ignorant worm of the dust, for all his exalted position among men. Read 2 Thess. 1:8 and Rom. 1:28.

In reply, (v. 3) Moses and Aaron did not seek to argue the case. Very little is ever gained by such a method, much better for us to deliver God's message verbatim and trust to the holy spirit to bring conviction. Moses and Aaron were far more afraid of the pestilence and sword of Jehovah than the boasted power of Pharaoh. God does punish disobedience whether we like it or not, see Deut. 28:21. Zech. 14:16-19, etc. This fearlessness angered Pharaoh (v. 4) and he commands them and their brethren at once to resume their burdens. The world is constantly accusing the servants of God of unfeeling people for their work, see Amos 7:10, Luke 23:2 and Acts 17:6.

#### Truth Confirmed.

The truth of this narrative is confirmed by the bricks found in the ruins of cities built during this period of Egyptian history. The bricks were made of clay mixed with stubble, rather than the ordinary straw and baked in the sun rather than in a fire kiln.

II. Pharaoh's Method, vv. 10-15. It must have been a severe test of faith for the Israelites to have had their hopes thus dashed and more grievous burdens thrust upon them. Before the government furnished the necessary straw, now they must get it themselves and at the same time keep up the usual toll of bricks.

Those who were beaten (v. 14) were of their own number who were held accountable under the Egyptian taskmasters for the conduct of the whole. Is this not suggestive of one other than ourselves "who bore our sins in his own body on the tree" and "by whose stripes we are healed?"

How little we comprehend, even with centuries of Christian history as our guide and the inspired word as our teacher, the full meaning of Paul's words, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Rom. 8:18. But God is mindful of his own and as soon as Moses and Aaron turned to him he gives them a most gracious renewal of his promise and of the ultimate blessing, see Chapter 6:1-5.

III. The Summary. God's ways of deliverance are never easy. His people are always slow to believe and his enemies have a hard hearted and terrible persistence in their opposition to him and his plans. But God does not permit this defeat, nor prevent the accomplishment of his purposes. When pain has done its work he makes it to cease. When the fire has burned out the dross he will extinguish it. Pharaoh esteemed human life cheaply, how about the sweat shop of today? "Let my people go" is the watchword of the fight that is still in progress, Israel's oppression still survives.